1: Hoebel E-5 (1933) 1940 NO6 Comanche NO6

They were Mangey Coat and Atsaçi. We talked, and then they said they had come to get damages for Woman. I was surprised. I asked them which one of them had a claim on her. 627x 684

"They answered, 'We have come to you from Mexican. He was the brother of Touched With A Closed Fist and this woman is his wife.'

"I called her and asked her if she were married to another man.

" 'No,' she said. She denied having anything to do with him or wanting to have anything to do with him.

"I was satisfied. Then I turned to those two men and asked what Mexican wanted in claim.

"They answered that he wanted a certain horse I had got from a dead friend, another horse, a saddle, and a Winchester.[9]

"I told them that I would not part with that first horse. It was dear to me. I told them I would give them another just as good.

"Atsaçi answered, 'We want that horse or none.'

"I tried three times to get them to agree on another horse, but they refused. Finally, I told them, 'All right, if you take that horse, you get nothing but that horse. It is enough.' I had something else to say, too, and I told Atsaçi I wanted to tell him something after we finished.

" 'What?' he said.

"I told him not to forget that he was married to two of my 'daughters' (they were daughters of my brother). In these words I spoke to him. 'If I accept these terms, and you insist on that horse, you can have it. But if you do, you will lose your two wives. I will take back my daughters from you. You are my son-in-law and yet you are not caring what you say; you are trying to get the horse I love.' [595] [602]

"Then Mangey Coat broke in right away. He said that Atsaçi wasn't thinking about what he was saying. He said they would agree to take another horse.

"That was what I wanted. Atsaçi was silent. He was ashamed. He was really older than I was and he had forgotten about being my son-in-law in that way. Then I asked him what he had to say to the agreement.

"He mumbled, 'Well, it's up to Mangey Coat. He is older than I am. It's up to him to have the say.'

"Well, I told them I was willing to do the right thing, so I gave them a grey mare, a bay horse, a good saddle and a gun. Later on that grey horse got to be a very good racer and won lots of money." [541] ●

Here is one of the few cases in which the *danger* of sending intermediaries appears. But ill-advised choice of counsel is a risk, even with us. Note also that a breach even of the levirate bites, though the brother-tie be purely classificatory; and that rights of the wife's "father," though but of the "father"-group, are available after marriage. 627x 602

[9] In strict form it was customary to ask for four different articles in damages.

6: Linton E-5 (1933)1935 NO6 Comanche NO6

396 on his whistle of eagle bone. After the center pole had been set, the outer
346 circle of short posts and stringers was erected and rafters run from these to the fork in the center pole. In one case the entire lodge was then covered with cottonwood brush. In another only the walls were filled in with brush, the roof being left open. A single opening was left on the east side to serve as a door. Across the west side of the lodge a row of small cedar trees or cottonwood branches was set up, screening off an alcove into which the dancers could retire to rest and sleep.

While the lodge was being constructed, hunters were sent out to kill a
[532] three year old buffalo bull. At the dance where the lodge was fully roofed, the head and fore quarters of this animal were skinned and the skin stuffed with willow twigs, making a sort of manikin. This was set on top of the lodge with its head toward the east. In the dance where the open lodge was used the skin was simply placed in the fork of the center pole. During the
[786] time that the materials were being collected and the lodge erected ordinary rules of conduct were relaxed and there was a good deal of sexual license, although this apparently did not apply to close relatives.

796 When the lodge was finished or nearly finished, four or five clowns ap-
522 peared. The number of these performers does not seem to have been fixed
292 and anyone could adopt the rôle who wished. These clowns wore conical
536 helmets of willow twigs with the leaves and bark left on, the lower edges of the helmets coming down over their shoulders. They carried circular shields roughly woven of split willows, also with the leaves and bark, and long swabs or clubs made from willow saplings with the leafy twigs at their ends woven into a ball. They had large false noses of mud and their whole bodies, equipment and even their ponies were liberally daubed with mud. They road into camp at a gallop, chasing the people and dogs, striking anyone they could catch with their mud soaked swabs, and performing a variety of amusing antics. Those who were struck could not take offence, but people who did not want to take part in the fun would run into the lodges, where the mounted men could not reach them.

796 After the completion of the lodge, and probably after the clown's in-
● 541 vasion, there was a sham battle. While the finishing touches were being put to the lodge, some of the men had retired to the neighboring creek bottom and built a rough enclosure there, "like a rail fence." In this they established themselves, sometimes having women and children with them. A man who had served as a scout in actual combat came out from the main camp, located this "fort," and returned to report the presence of an enemy. All the warriors in camp then donned their full regalia and went out to attack it, followed by a crowd of spectators. During the attack each man reenacted

6: Linton E-5 (1933) 1935 NO6 Comanche NO6

his actual war deeds. When the "fort" had been taken, the whole group returned to camp singing victory songs. This episode symbolized the triumph of the Comanche over their enemies.

On the evening of this day the crier rode through the whole camp calling on the people to get ready. The members of each band assembled in front of their tipis and at a given signal all the bands began to move toward the lodge. Each band was marshalled and driven along by its War Whip Bearer. This functionary was chosen for bravery, being presumably the most important warrior in the band. He directed all dances and was allowed to strike any one who refused to dance, or who seemed backward, with his war whip, a long flat club, notched along one edge. Even to point this club at an individual was enough to bring him into the dance since he would fall ill if he refused.

The various bands moved toward the lodge obliquely, avoiding a direct approach to the entrance but marching in such a way that they would all finally congregate in front of it. As they moved each band did its favorite dance and sang a song of its own. When the first song was finished, the War Whip Bearer called on the band to halt, saying that he had something with which to quench the people's thirst. He then recounted some of his war deeds, assuring the people that they were not true, although they actually were. At the mention of each man whom he had killed the drum was struck. After this coup counting another song would be begun and the people would dance forward again. There were four halts of this sort, the last one finding them in front of the door of the lodge. Here the whole group danced for some time with a slow stamping step. Finally, the camp crier announced that the real dance would begin in the morning, saying that the herd of buffalo had been located by the scout sent out to find them. The people then dispersed.

The dance proper began the following morning with the buffalo round up. Four men, all brave warriors, had been selected to play the part of the buffalo. They were disguised in buffalo robes, one always being that of an old and scabby bull. These men were hidden at some distance from the camp and an especially brave warrior was sent out to find them and drive them in. He carried a bow and arrows in his right hand and a torch in his left, these being the means for killing and cooking the buffalo. The warrior came back driving the buffalo before him and into the lodge. Three of them went in at once, but the old bull ran around the lodge four times before he entered. After this ceremony, which symbolized the bringing of food to the people, the "buffalo" removed their costumes and left the lodge quietly. The same person might act both as a buffalo and as one of the regular

20: Wallace H-4,5 (1945) 1953 NO6 Comanche NO6

dred Comanches were in military service. The people were proud of their young warriors and showered them with honors remarkably like the treatment accorded the warriors when they were the lords of the Southern Plains.

The love of pageantry creates a problem. The business-like course of white life deprives the Comanches of more of it than they like. This characteristic of the people is apparent at the annual Indian Exposition at Anadarko, a commercial show sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce. The performance has little historical accuracy, but this does not offend the Indians. They are more concerned with the spirit of display than about historical authenticity. They will bankrupt themselves to get there, and then wear an unheard of costume with self-satisfaction. Any special occasion, as Christmas and July 4, affords opportunity for pageantry. Departing and returning warriors of World War II were honored with feasts, parades, and variations of the old-time war and victory dances.

The Comanches have always gotten a great deal of pleasure from social contacts. Today they tend to indulge in this type of pleasure at the expense of their work and obligations. Council meetings, ceremonies, and family consultations once brought the people together, but now decisions are made individually with white officials. The peyote ceremony was, in part, an attempt to satisfy the social urge.

At the close of a full life-span of time since they were compelled to give up their nomadic life, a few Comanches still sit and dream of past glories and of an untrammeled people who dwelt in an unmeasured wilderness. In retrospect they see once more the trooping warriors as they gallop toward the fray and hear their defiant whoops. They sit in the charmed circle of counsellors of the tribe. Of reservations and agents, of farms and towns, of railways and other innovations they grow forgetful. There will be some who will continue to dream until the end of life.

On the other hand, the Comanches as a group have long since ceased to roam, to strive for the old, or to dream.

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

WHO WAS MO-CHO-ROOK?

IT WAS a hot, sunshiny Saturday in the late summer of 1902, and it was 000
the Saturday that they were holding horse races. They were white
man's races. That is to say, each horse owner had to pay an entrance
fee for any horse he wished to run in any particular race. This fee
money was added to the prize money the racing committee was offer-
ing on this particular race. In an Oklahoma Indian race, anyone could 541
enter a horse, and then everyone raced for the prize money.

A very old Indian, Mo-cho-rook, who owned two fine racing stal-
lions and always rode his own horses whenever he raced them, was
standing near the finish line, in the shade of a saloon building, holding
the reins of his large sorrel stallion. He was entered in a half-mile race,
on the straightaway track, and from a standing start.

When the call came for all horses in the race Mo-cho-rook had
entered to proceed to the starting line, the old Indian prepared to
mount. He was the focal point for all eyes. Most people, white and
Indian, knew he was very old, even if they did not know that the Co-
manche roll showed him to be seventy-seven.

He was small, possibly five feet two or three inches tall and weigh-
ing around 110 pounds. He always rode bareback. When, with his 492
hands on the sorrel's withers, he attempted to vault onto the horse,
it quickly sidestepped. Mo-cho-rook came down on his feet and did not [571]

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

Its place was in the rear of the wagon bed. That way, if it leaked, it 000
wouldn't damage the other merchandise.

The trip home took about six to seven hours. If the roads were muddy, it took longer. Dad was generally gone from home about fourteen hours, but the team had at least three hours to rest in Lawton. They couldn't make these trips day in, day out. We planned at least a day's rest between trips.

This particular morning Dad was ready to leave by the time I had the team hitched up, and I went in, hoping Mother had my breakfast ready. As I ate, she asked me if I had heard anything about Albert [164]
Martny's falling from a horse, catching his foot in a stirrup, and being dragged.

The Jim Martny family, one of the more prosperous Comanche families, was one of my own family's favorites. Jim was larger than most Comanches; many folks called him Big Jim. He was a multiple- [595]
wife Indian, and his favorite wife was the mother of two boys—Albert, then in his fourteenth year, and Earny, who was twelve. Jim's other wives' children were girls.

Indirectly, the way Mother learned about Albert's accident was that ours was one of the luckier towns—we had a doctor. Dr. McLain, just out of medical school, settled in our town with his young wife only a few days before we arrived. He built a combination office and residence across the street, and a bit east, from where Dad built our store building.

Mrs. McLain was expecting a baby before long; and when the doctor made an out-of-town call, Mother or Mrs. Cudyback, the wife of a saloonkeeper living directly across the street from the store, would sit with her. Occasionally Mrs. McLain would go to the Cudyback home or sit in our store until the doctor returned. The night before, both Mother and Mrs. Cudyback had visited with Mrs. McLain, and Mother was full of the story about Albert's accident. Mr. Cudyback picked up a good deal of gossip at the saloon he and his brother Will ran, and Mrs. McLain told what she learned from her doctor husband.

Jim Martny owned two well-bred racing stallions, and his other 492
horses were of superior quality compared to the horses owned by most 541
of his Comanche neighbors. I don't know how long Albert had been riding his father's horses in races, but early in 1902, when our town began holding races each first and third Saturday, Albert was his

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

father's rider. Comanche-fashion, the boy rode bareback to save the horse the additional weight of a saddle. He rode in his sock feet, as this helped him to grasp the barrel of the horse better. Many races were run from a standing start.

Comanches, who learned about horses from the Mexicans and Spanish, mount a horse from the right. (All horsemen of Europe except the Spanish mount from the left, and we Americans copy them.) This time Albert was using a stock saddle to exercise the larger stallion. The half-wild animal bolted as Albert started to mount. Albert fell, and his right foot caught in the stirrup.

The frantic horse dragged the boy, dangling from the stirrup, through the timber and underbrush of West Cache Creek bottoms for more than two hours before the father could rope it. They sent for the white doctor right away; but when Dr. McLain saw the boy's condition, he felt death was only a matter of hours, and the setting of the bones and cleaning of his wounds would only subject the boy to additional pain.

He left them a supply of morphine tablets to give the injured boy, should he regain consciousness before dying. This was quite in keeping with the practice of medicine at the turn of the century. Doctors passed out morphine tablets as though they were a new cough drop they were advertising. No other medicine, other than quinine, was in as great supply or as cheap. Most families had at least an eight-ounce bottle of laudanum on the pantry shelf. In addition to its value as a medicine for humans, amateur horse-doctors found it useful.

When Jim's wives learned through Earny that the doctor held out no hopes for Albert, they went into the death wail, even before the doctor could leave the camp.

The foregoing is practically all the community ever learned directly about Albert's accident and the events immediately following Dr. McLain's departure. The rest of the story must be told much as a prosecuting attorney presents circumstantial evidence to convict a defendant of a crime when there are no eyewitnesses.

With Dad away I couldn't leave Mother alone with the store, and the day following an arrival of a load of freight was always a busy one. Besides the team to be cared for and the trade to be waited on, there was merchandise to unpack, mark, and put on the shelves. On nearly every load there was a fifty-five-gallon drum of kerosene to be pumped into the store's container.

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

177 But even the cruelest gossip, if rehashed long enough, becomes tiresome, and in due time the vicious-minded turned their talents elsewhere. During the five years I remained in the community, nothing was added to, or subtracted from, the mystery of the Bone-setter.

871 By the time the town started holding races the following summer, [457] Albert was recovered sufficiently to ride his father's horses, and he [541] returned to the Indian boarding school in the fall. When he and Earny returned home at Christmas, Jim brought the two boys to the store to exhibit them in their blue school clothes. Albert had grown, unbelievably. Jim and I put him between us, and he was almost as tall as 541 we were. Earny was rejoicing at his brother's growth. It meant he 302 would now ride his father's horses in the races. The school people allowed Albert to wear his hair long enough to cover his scalp and neck scars, and he was truly a fine-looking young Indian man.

885 The Comanches had a word for him, but I was not to learn it for 884 some time. The word is *Tao-yo-vis-ses*, meaning a fine-looking young man of warrior age. The story is that in camp, after the fall hunt and before the bands went their separate ways to winter quarters, the boys who had become young men would clean and polish their finest [302] horses. Then, with their womenfolks assisting, they would carefully [241] comb and braid their hair, rub oil into their skin until it glistened, don their gaudiest breechclout and moccasins, and ride bareback slowly through the camp, single file.

The camp might well be strung for some miles up and down a creek or stream. The boys were joined by the girls who had reached [302] puberty but were not married. The girls, hair in two long braids, paint- [291] ed and dressed in new buckskin dresses and leggings, were equally proud of their bodies and bearing. The girl's name corresponding to *Tao-yo-vis-ses* is *Nai-vi-se*.

The older Comanches considered this the finest sight in all the world. Everyone came out of the tipis, young and old, warriors and chiefs, and they cried out over and over, "Tao-yo-vis-ses! Nai-vi-se!" There before them was the tribe's future—its chiefs, its war leaders, its warriors, and the bearers of the tribe's men babies. Here were "The People" of tomorrow's tomorrow.

Now Albert Martny, who but for the skill of the unnamed Bone-setter would surely have died, was a handsome young warrior. You may be sure, come the summer Grass-Money time, Albert's womenfolks presented their *Tao-yo-vis-ses* with pride.